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C.2

Readings Booklet

January 1999



English 33

Part B: Reading

Grade 12 Diploma Examination

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January 1999

English 33

Part B: Reading

Readings Booklet

Grade 12 Diploma Examination

Description

Part B: Reading contributes 50% of the total English 33 Diploma Examination mark.

There are 8 reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

Time: 2 hours. This examination was developed to be completed in 2 hours; however, you may take an additional ½ hour to complete the examination.

Instructions

- Be sure that you have an English 33 Readings Booklet **and** an English 33 Questions Booklet.
- You may **not** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.



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- I. Questions 1 to 10 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a short story.

from THE IDEAL BAKERY

When I was a boy my father sometimes took me for breakfast to the Ideal Bakery on State Street just over the New Haven line from Hamden, where we ate the wonderful crullers¹ that Gus and Ingrid Goetz made every morning.

- 5 The best memories go back before the war, to the spring of 1939 when I was ten years old, aware of Hitler and newsreel armies marching, aware that war was something for dreading. An only child at that time, I overheard my parents' worried talk: My father at thirty-five thought he would be drafted. When I was nine I had collected War Cards like the other boys, four-color images one-penny-
10 each in a wax wrapper with a creased sheet of bubblegum pink as a heifer's tongue. These cards . . . were no more real than Ace Comics. Then one day in 1938 my mother took me to a matinee movie in New Haven, *The Dead in Barcelona*. Probably she needed to do some shopping on a no-school day and took me with her offering the treat of a movie; she must have thought that it was a mystery because of *The Dead*. . . . As it turned out, I watched in horror as
15 airplanes strafed² refugees pulling carts stuffed with their belongings When I came home I threw away my War Card Collection.

- Doubtless I was a morbid child but my life contained many pleasant things. It was during those years that I began to love sports, football mostly. . . . Autumn
20 Saturdays, my mother and I sat on the living room sofa following the game on radio, broadcast from the Yale Bowl only a few miles away, while my father worked in his den on columns of figures.

- The spring of 1939 was my last as an only child, for my mother was pregnant with my sister, Evelyn. Because she was restless late in her pregnancy, every Saturday and Sunday we took long rides in the Pontiac. With our car radio my
25 father could pick up WOR and I came to love the calm cheerful voice of Red Barber reaching us all the way from New York City, telling us about the Brooklyn Dodgers. That was the year my mother began to follow baseball—so that a year later, when she spent her time with Evelyn, and when she had started to act strange, the Brooklyn Dodgers remained a ribbon binding my mother and me
30 together, not only on weekends in the Pontiac but on summer weekday afternoons as she and I listened in the darkened living room and the baby slept. . . .

Continued

¹crullers—a small sweet cake given a twisted form and deep-fried

²strafed—attacked with machine guns

But the best memories do not belong to sports or baby sisters or my mother. Probably the biggest concentration of Ideal Bakery mornings took place while my mother was in the hospital having Evelyn—new mothers stayed in the hospital ten days or two weeks at that time—but the excursions had started earlier, maybe on Saturdays when my mother slept late, and continued afterwards, during the war and the long anxious time when she was ill. For six years she was either sick in bed, with somebody coming in to help with the baby, or off in the asylum while help at home expanded to take care of everybody. My father and I went to the Ideal Bakery during these nervous times but the feeling was not the same. It was anxious wartime, and we were conspirators not in warmth and safety but in an absence or even in danger.

The best memory begins with my father's gentle hand shaking my shoulder in the gray May darkness at 5:45 A.M. After breakfast he would bring me home to get me ready for school before he went to the office. He worked at the lumberyard my great-grandfather Bud had started. Bud died five years before I was born but I knew all about him: Civil War veteran who sawed up his own trees in his own backyard at his own watermill by his own millstream. My grandfather Charlie built the yard up from a one-man shop until he employed twenty-three people and became "C.W.," the stern cigar-smoking boss (a self-made man, people said) while my father and his brother-in-law worked as co-managers in the office. I knew that my father hated his job—hated C.W.'s sarcasm, hated the maneuvering of my Uncle Bert, Aunt Regina's husband, which always ended putting Bert in the right and my father in the wrong—because I heard him complain to my mother. I heard him weep in frustration. He hated his work so much that he was at his desk before eight o'clock six days a week and brought stacks of arithmetic home every night and on weekends.

But that hand on my shoulder, sweetly shaking me awake, carried nothing but affection with it and tender conspiracy. My mother at Grace-New Haven with the baby was somehow benignly tricked by our adventure, as my father and I performed commandolike a secret escapade or mission. I dressed quickly and carefully, tying my own shoes, and remembered to brush my hair. In the kitchen my father waited in his brown fedora,³ topcoat over the business suit always gray or brown, and the shined shoes always black. . . . He waited smiling the slightly tilted smile—slanted up on the left side of his mouth with its large skin-mole—that was the grin of our father-and-son conspiracy. Pontiac keys dangled from his right hand.

The windshield steamed those mornings. His gloved hands wiped clean the glass fogged with our breaths as he pulled out the choke, slipping it back

Continued

³fedora—a man's hat

70 gradually, and we rolled quietly through the streets of small houses where my
schoolmates, never so lucky, slept until their mothers woke them to Ralston or
Post Toasties.⁴ My father grinning beside me enjoyed these breakfasts as much as
I did, and in the early morning he was energetic and optimistic. Often he sang in
his high sweet tenor as he drove—"My Blue Heaven," sometimes, or songs his
75 grandfather brought back from the Civil War and sang to my baby-father: one
about "campfires burning" (war in olden times) and another sweetly sad:
"Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight! Make me a child again, just for
tonight!"

When we reached Whitney Avenue my father accelerated. Early traffic was
80 light, and we cut over the Lake Whitney bridge by the long icehouses and headed
for State Street. We bumped over tracks past workers waiting for trolleys and in a
mile or two parked by the Ideal Bakery. We held hands as we walked from the car
to the shiny black-and-ivory glass front, then dropped them as we came to the
door. Inside we saw Gus himself standing at the cash register—a redheaded man
85 in his forties, a fierce protective figure, stern but not frightening, righteous and
dignified—who welcomed us warmly without smiling and motioned us toward a
booth. . . . I could tell that my father admired Gus, in the way that good men find
of trusting one another. It was clear that Gus felt the same way about my father
and some of this regard spilled onto me when Gus, in a quiet half-minute, would
90 stop by the booth and say: "Well, look at that boy! Well, I'll be darned!"

The regard that the two men felt for each other, as I assembled it from bits
and pieces, had a history that came out of business and bad times. Back in 1932
or 1933, when a nickel cruller or cup of coffee was a luxury for Gus's customers,
my father let Gus take some building materials on credit—at his own risk, without
95 telling my grandfather. Gus paid my father back at fifty cents a week until he had
a good month in 1936. Then Gus paid the balance all at once, and at Christmas an
unordered gross⁵ of crullers showed up at the lumberyard for the workers to take
home to their families.

When Gus spoke of "that boy"—me twisting, smiling, avoiding his gaze—my
100 father asked about Augustus, Jr., called Dutch at school but not at the Ideal
Bakery, whom I saw on Saturday visits when he worked with his father. Dutch
was a big boy, three years older than me, who boxed in amateur bouts at the
YMCA. I hero-worshiped Dutch Goetz, just enough older, who worked with Gus
as I would grow up to work with my father, making the fourth generation at the
105 lumberyard. (So I thought.) Dutch scowled like his father under his abundant red
hair, taller and strong-looking; already at fourteen he carried a dignity like his

Continued

⁴Ralston or Post Toasties—breakfast cereals

⁵gross—twelve dozen

father's. In four years he would be drafted into the army, if he didn't join the marines first. My father and Gus talked about these alternatives while I listened knowing that in seven or eight years I would face the same choices; the war would go on forever and I would be part of it. . . .

My young father—it startles me that he was only thirty-five years old—sat with me in a green booth, our hats and jackets and topcoats over the poles that separated the seats. My father's thick white mug of coffee steamed in front of him while I drank a large glass of Brock-Hall milk and each of us ate three crullers.

Oh, the light still-warm delicate crisp gently greasy blonde unsugared braids of dough! The first bite was the best, and my father and I looked into each other's eyes as we bit into the tender sweet crust that "melted in the mouth" as my father put it, and we grinned with a pleasure greater even than our anticipation. When I finished the second cruller my ten-year-old stomach was full but my mouth could not deny itself the third. My father swallowed another cup of coffee, which Ingrid poured while she heard us for the thousandth time praise her crullers. She told us again how she and Gus arrived every morning at 4:00 A.M. to get things going, how she stirred the batter just so, how Gus cut the strips and how they braided them together. Then the Greek arrived at six-thirty and heated the oil and turned crullers out for the customers, fresh batches every few minutes. Yes, she agreed, they *were* the best crullers she had ever tasted, if she said so herself. . . .

My father and I talked and he smiled without nervousness or anxiety. Those mornings, I suppose no longer than half an hour at a time, we talked about Yale after Larry Kelley and Clint Frank;⁶ we talked about the Dodgers, whether Hot Potato Hamlin could keep on winning and maybe stop throwing the gopherball. Then my father would look at his wristwatch and the old nervy or frightened look would come over his face. Breakfast was over when he looked at his watch. As he drove me back to the house and then to school, we were still good companions talking about the Dodgers (or hockey, or football) but I knew that the lumberyard had taken over. . . .

After the war ended my mother was well enough to come home, and she gradually strengthened, but as she got stronger my father's head and hands started to shake, kidney failure and uremic poisoning, and he died at forty-five when I was a sophomore at college. . . . A month after my father died, my mother sent me a clipping about the death, at forty-seven, after a long illness, of Mrs. Augustus Goetz, formerly of the Ideal Bakery. Later I found out that Gus had sold the bakery to the Greek in order to nurse Ingrid at home and had used up the money that they had accumulated over their years of fifteen-hour days. When she died he

Continued

⁶Larry Kelley and Clint Frank—sports heroes

went to work making crullers for the Greek, and the Ideal Bakery turned into the
145 Akropolis Café. It's torn down now. . . .

Like everybody I live in many places and they are all inside my head. I
cannot believe that this is avoidable or that it should be avoided. Several times a
week I am ten years old sitting in a booth at the Ideal Bakery, loving my tender
father who smiles across the tabletop. He has not begun to shake; . . . Dutch
150 grows fiercer; the Dodgers look ahead to Reese and Reiser returning from the war;
I taste again the twisted light warm dough.

Donald Hall
American writer

II. Questions 11 to 17 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY

Darkened,
the Gym is lit by the subdued glow of multi-hued
lights;
and
5 standing,
around
the periphery¹ of their carefully pre-littered floor,
are the
girls.
10 Being
tested, though not by Gates or Stanford or C.A.T.,²
they are dressed accordingly
and,
strung out like a variegated³ necklace, they
15 watch
Boys
contorting themselves into “worms” and
energetically undulating across the floor,
giving
20 the vague impression that a “Far Side”⁴ cartoon has
been set in
motion.
Screened,
behind their push button cassette deck,
25 the D.J.’s
dictate the tone;

Continued

¹periphery—external boundary, edge

²Gates or Stanford or C.A.T.—standardized assessment tests

³variegated—varied in shape, size, and colour

⁴Far Side—a syndicated cartoon series, no longer in production, that often featured bizarre or absurd situations

intermittently
breaking into wild and intense drumming and strum-
ming postures,
30 becoming,
for a brief instant,
heroes.
Preparing, daring, and finally asking, he looks up
at her with mute appeal
35 and,
suddenly together,
they
are encompassed by friendly laughter
as momentarily
40 she kneels to dance.

Dorothy Long
Canadian writer

III. Questions 18 to 26 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a play.

from PLAY MEMORY

JEAN's domineering father, CAM, has been unemployed since his business associates betrayed him years ago. CAM has taken out his anger and frustration on his wife and daughter. JEAN, though mindful of her father's destructive power in her life, also realizes that love exists in her family.

The lights come up on CAM, sitting, with a bottle, a glass, and a book. The book is the play, MACBETH. It is approximately four in the afternoon. JEAN enters, carrying school books. She is in a mood of frustration and anger.

CAM: Hello. (*JEAN does not answer. . . . Then, in irritation, she throws her books on CAM's old desk.*) May I deduce that things did not go well at school today?

JEAN: Perceptive deduction.

CAM: Ah! Perceptive deduction. Nice. Slightly insolent, but . . . rhythmic.
Per cep tive de duc tion.

10 JEAN (*Starting for the stairs*): I have to change my clothes.

CAM: What happened?

JEAN: Nothing. I can handle it.

CAM: Oh, I'm sure you can. Whatever you inherited from your mother will handle it. (*JEAN starts to move up.*) Jean? Stay awhile. One misses, you
15 know, the human voice.

JEAN: Mum'll be home in an hour.

CAM: But you're the one with all the opinions. Brimming with opinions and biting your tongue to hold them in. Let's talk.

JEAN: Do you really want talk, or do you want combat?

20 CAM: The former. I promise. (*JEAN comes back into the room.*) Tell me, what are they saying out there, in the larger world?

JEAN: About what?

CAM: About me.

25 JEAN (*After a moment, proceeding carefully*): Well, they say you used to be so good you could sell refrigerators to the Eskimos.

CAM (*Bitterly*): Or coal in Newcastle. Or steel in Sheffield. Stupid thing to say.

JEAN: You asked.

Continued

CAM: I'd hoped we could talk . . . candidly. I guess not. (*Pause.*) Are you afraid?

30 JEAN: Yes.

CAM: But I promised.

JEAN (*Impatiently*): What does *that* mean, nowadays?

CAM: It means a lot! Three men made a promise once. They had a statement prepared in my defence. There was going to be a pitched battle in my behalf.

35 They were too cowardly to test it. They forgot.

JEAN (*Sympathetically*): I know, Dad. I know.

CAM: So. Candidly, what are they saying?

JEAN: That you were betrayed. That you were a victim.

CAM (*Bitterly, again, with anger*): Victims are a dime a . . . dozen!

40 JEAN: Dad, you promised . . .

CAM: And I'll keep it! But you must permit me a little, private rage. . . . The world's been torn apart in this decade. They bombed Coventry,¹ they bombed Dresden,² they killed six million Jews, they burned Hiroshima: victims are a dime a . . . dozen. (*Daring her.*) I'm lookin' for *talk*, lass, not condolences!

45 JEAN: They are *saying* that after all the bombing, after all the carnage, the whole world rebuilt. Half the men that came home didn't have arms or legs, but they started again. And you were in your prime, with all your limbs. And you were knocked down, and you *stayed* down!

CAM: Took to the bottle and the rocking chair . . .

50 JEAN: Yes, that's what they're saying! (*Long pause and transition. They both calm down.*) Why, Dad? What happened?

CAM: I don't know. Something . . . cracked.

JEAN: It's the waste that kills me.

CAM: Is it? If I went out at nine, and grubbed for money, and dragged in here at

55 five, you'd feel better?

JEAN: Yes, I would! I'd feel that we were normal.

CAM: That's your mother's word.

JEAN: No, it's mine.

CAM: Well, I'm sorry to hear that. (*With a sudden spurt of energy.*) You know

60 what normal is? Normal is where nothing happens. Normal is some neutral zone where everything is mean and average. You know why I could've sold fridges to Eskies? Because I knew who I was. I set goals and I pursued them,

Continued

¹Coventry—city in England destroyed by German bombing in the Second World War

²Dresden—city in Germany destroyed by Allied fire bombing in the Second World War

singlemindedly. I didn't bend, I didn't conform, I didn't compromise. They
praise you for those qualities in success, and they damn you for them in
65 failure. Jean, I can't begin to understand the world, let alone the decade. The
Coventrys, the Dresdens, the petty human betrayals. I don't understand how
that two-bit triumvirate³ lives with their indebtedness. I don't understand
how the company I worked for dismissed me so summarily and forgot me so
70 completely. I don't understand how I could have done anything *but* swap
coupons when my boys were driving three days a week. (*Pause.*) But
sometimes, rare, infrequent times, I do understand me. It isn't the waste that
kills *me*, Jean. It's the bloody disease.

JEAN: What disease?

CAM: The one that victims carry. Victims are contagious animals. They badger
75 their wives and . . . their daughters. And when they go to bed at night they
say, "God, when will you stop me? When will you send someone in to stop
me?"

JEAN: I feel so helpless, Dad. Isn't there something I can do?

CAM: No. No, I'm afraid it's a job for the grown-up adults.

80 JEAN: Is there anything . . . *anything* that gives you peace of mind?

CAM: Sometimes, the pleasure of the written word. (*He picks up his book.*)
Sometimes I am still amazed. What would you say if you looked at the sky
on a starless night?

JEAN: Well, I guess I'd say there weren't any stars.

85 CAM: Yeah. So would I. Mr. Shakespeare said: "There's husbandry⁴ in heaven.
Their candles are all out."

JEAN: That's lovely.

CAM: Isn't it? What are you reading at school?

JEAN: Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

90 CAM (*Heaving a great sigh*): Minor. There's so little time in this life. And the
world's collective mind is all caught up in the minor. And, the minimal.
And, the normal. Run along now. I can see you need to . . . change your
clothes.

(*Blackout, as JEAN goes up the stairs.*)

Joanna Glass
Canadian writer

³triumvirate—an association or group of three

⁴husbandry—care of domestic affairs, wise management, thrift

IV. Questions 27 to 35 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a book.

from NO KIDDING: INSIDE THE WORLD OF TEENAGE GIRLS

This excerpt was taken from a book published in 1987.

10 Although some teenagers, usually
working-class, work to help out
their families, most teenagers work
in order to pay for the satisfaction of
their own desires—for something as
vague as their own “independence”
or something as vivid and concrete
as a “red Mustang just like the one
my girlfriend has.” They save for
summer holidays and for Christmas
presents, they want their own money
for clothes and cosmetics, they like
to be able to pay for movies and
video games and snacks, even on a
date; they have acquired expensive
tastes: drugs, imported vodka,
designer jeans, fifty-dollar haircuts.
In fact, a January 1986 American
marketing survey estimated that
20 U.S. teenagers spend \$30 billion a
year on items of their own choosing.

If they work for pay, they also pay
for working: their school grades
drop as they discover they must
choose between a placement on the
night shift and homework, and, in
fear of being laid off, they choose
the night shift and fall asleep at
school. To make up enough hours
30 on the job, they cut classes and miss
exams and try to do their homework

on the bus to school. They don’t
seem to be at all impressed or
depressed by the fact that they are
usually paid only a minimum wage
and have no idea what they’re
entitled to in the way of benefits, or
that they are ignorant of the
protection available to them under
40 the law and of the means to qualify
for unemployment insurance; to their
minds, in spite of the gross
exploitation and manipulation of
their situation by employers and
advertisers, “kids who don’t work
are spoiled, middle-class jerks.” The
wanting to have things, the *need* to
work, said one high school principal
in Edmonton, “makes these kids as
50 intense at age sixteen as a guy of
thirty carrying two mortgages.”¹

Vivian needed money. She needed
clothes: her mum would only buy
her the bare necessities and Vivian
was tired of wearing T-shirts until
they shredded and sneakers until they
got holes. So, at sixteen, she has her
first paying job, at McDonald’s, and
brings home thirty to one hundred
and fifty dollars every two weeks,
60 depending on how many hours she’s

Continued

¹In April 1986, 795,000 Canadians between the ages of fifteen and nineteen were employed

worked. In six months she's made nine hundred dollars and has one hundred in savings to show for it, plus some clothes, a couple of purses, lots of shoes, and the memory of a bunch of lunches she's treated her girlfriends to. Her parents are not thrilled. They don't like the way she can say to them, when she's brought home another pair of shoes, "It's *my* money and I can buy what I want." This independence scares them to death; next thing they know, she'll be buying cigarettes and gadding about all hours of the night, paying for her own taxi fares.

She's on crew at McDonald's. Three dollars an hour. When you're sixteen and non-unionized, what can you expect? If you question the arrangement, you can get into trouble. The staff still tells the story of the guy, a couple of years ago, who was "talking union" and got fired—the subject has never come up since. Vivian might be getting a raise one of these months, to \$3.30.² There's no point in quitting; if you quit and then want to come back on, you start all over again at the minimum.

When McDonald's hired her, they asked her: What job do you want? She said, Window! because that's the job where you meet people. She didn't want Grill, because that's

where you have to worry about ugly burns from the fryer, and your hair gets all gross from the steam, and the hats they have to wear are real stupid, and she didn't want Lobby, where you do the degrading jobs like mopping the floor and taking out the garbage. The place has one hundred and fifty employees, full- and part-time, and there's more guys than girls doing Grill and more girls than guys doing Window. Of course, no one ever discusses wages, but Vivian doesn't think the boys get paid more than the girls. Well, the starting wage is the same, but it's true that if you work in the kitchen where the boys are, you learn a lot more skills—you learn how to do fish fillets and McChickens and dress the Macs and work the grease vats—than if you're at Window, where there are only two or three things you have to learn. Vivian supposes this means boys get their raises faster than the girls.

These are Vivian's duties: she checks to see that all orders have been taken, that the plastic cups and lids are stocked up at the counter, that salt and sugar containers are full, that everything the customer can see is clean; she makes coffee and fries and ice cubes. It can get very busy, because no food may sit around prepared longer than ten

Continued

²\$3.30—McDonald's pays minimum wage, currently \$5.40 an hour in Alberta

minutes: that's company policy.

"There's lots of throwing out" and starting over again. Vivian timed herself once on her stopwatch: a minute and a half to take an order—Big Mac, a Coke, fries, and a sundae—and serve it. That was under perfect conditions: no interference. But she loses time when customers make trouble for her, like the lady who ordered a turnover and was staring right at it while Vivian packaged it and then said she hadn't ordered it at all!

When Vivian argued, the lady said she was rude and called the manager; Vivian was not pleased. This was a mark against her, because of course she was in the wrong.

She is constantly being tested. Her raise depends on her performance, and crew trainers put her through tests. The Service Test, for example. There are Six Steps in servicing a customer: greeting the customer; taking the order; stating the price; receiving the order from the kitchen in a certain sequence so none of it gets cold; presenting the order and taking payment; saying "Have a nice day!" You can screw up in a hundred ways. You can forget to "suggest" the customer also order fries or a dessert, you can

forget to say the price, or you may look uncertain about how much change to give, or put too much or not enough ice into the cold drinks, or even make the sundaes too big or slop ice cream over the cone. You don't exactly *fail* these tests, but when they do a follow-up on you—where you start at 100 percent and lose points for every mistake—and you only score 50 per cent and your service tests weren't perfect either, well, don't expect much of a raise.

It isn't that Vivian exactly feels *spied* on all the time. Usually she knows who's doing the testing—other crew members. She accepts the criticism as their way of helping her do better, and now she does the same with the new crew hired on since she began. The important thing is to get along.

Vivian is proud to be a McDonald's worker. (If she had power to make changes, though, she'd go for it: increase the wages, and change the nylon uniform which gives her blisters when she works under the heat lamp.) It makes her mad—sad, even—when people dump on McDonald's . . . and now just the idea that she's actually *working* there, serving the food she loves, well, it's just too wonderful.

Myrna Kostash
Edmonton journalist/writer

V. Robin is writing a letter to the editor of *The Nalwen News* about students and part-time jobs. Read the first draft of Robin's letter, carefully noting her revisions, and answer questions 36 to 43 in your Questions Booklet.

Paragraph In "News and Views from Nalwen High School" in last week's edition of *The*
1 *Nalwen News*, Ms. Bessie Ordkurat the principal of Nalwen High School states
that students should ^{give up their} ~~not have~~ part-time jobs. She writes, "Students at Nalwen
High School should forget about being part-time clerks, hamburger cooks, or gas
pump jockeys and concentrate on being full-time learners." She even ^{supports her} ~~uses~~
^{opinion by using quotations} ~~quotes in her article~~ from *No Kidding: Inside The World Of Teenage Girls*, a
book by Myrna Kostash.

Paragraph I really respect Ms. Ordkurat. She is a great principal, and I really enjoyed taking
2 CALM 20 from her last year. But I have to disagree with her opinions about
students and part-time jobs.

Paragraph While kids may learn important things in school, they must also learn about life
3 outside of school. I have worked as a part-time sales consultant at a retail
outlet in Nalwen Mall since I was in Grade 10. When the store is busy, I deal
with as many as ten customers an hour, so, during a three-hour shift, I may
have to serve thirty people. ^{Each} ~~Now, each~~ one of these people is different.
^{Some} ~~Some~~ are pleasant and easy to serve ^{Others} ~~and others~~ are not. During a busy shift, I
[^] [^]
can learn a great deal about people and about myself. I have come to respect
myself for my patience and my ability to accomplish many tasks at once.

Continued

Paragraph I was bothered enough by Ms. Ordkurat's column that I went to the Nalwen
4 Library and used my library card to take out *No Kidding*. I read the chapter
entitled "Jobs" and found out that Myrna Kostash makes some sweeping
generalizations about kids who work. She says, "they have acquired expensive
tastes: drugs, imported vodka, designer jeans, fifty-dollar haircuts." She also
states that students' "school grades drop as they discover they must choose
between placement on the night shift and homework, and, in fear of being laid off,
they choose the night shift and fall asleep at school." While these statements
may apply to ^{italics}some students who work, they do not apply to all of us. I have never
taken drugs or drunk imported vodka. I wear jeans, but I get inexpensive
haircuts. I have never fallen asleep in class, and my marks ^{italics}increased when I
began working part-time because I really had to concentrate on organizing my
time. What really suffered was my TV watching!

Paragraph You are a great person, Ms. Ordkurat, but you are wrong about students and
5 part-time jobs. I would like to say that we must always be careful before we take
an extreme position on any issue. ^{I learned this in Social Studies 33, so you can see that} For some students, working part-time may be ^{I have been paying attention in class.}
the wrong choice, but for ^{many}most of us it's the right thing to do. It teaches us about
life and about ourselves.

Robin Smith
Grade 12 Student
Nalwen High School

VI. Questions 44 to 50 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

SPRING POEM

A moment of silence, then,
for the old-fashioned beauty parlour,
for the barber pole,
and the corner grocery,
5 a moment for the peeling billboards
and the smiling vagrant dogs,
the silenced taps
in the drugstore soda fountain,
a moment of silence
10 for a kind of trust,
for what we think of
as the world,
each generation,
as we're born to it,
15 those rare boulevards of leafy trees,
the last straight roads with life on them,
and architecture,
and a golden age of beards
still to be found on men drinking
20 beer from glasses, of a life
for silverware and plates and cafés—
the sudden homesickness
for an age,
long past midday or toward evening,
25 to be able to cross
from the shade to the
sunny side, and tall blooms
cup the sunlight,
the desire to stand forever and
30 grow like a plant,
absorbing the small
infinite details of the landscape,
a dog, untethered,
bounding past,
35 two boys late for dinner

Continued

showing off on bicycles,
darkness,
cupped hands, someone stops
to light a cigarette beneath the trees,
40 and from the stillness of birds and leaves emerges
the extinct photogenic face
of the last of a tribe.
Moonrise.

Roo Borson
American poet

VII. Questions 51 to 60 in your Questions Booklet are based on this article.

SEIZING THE LIGHT

Sebastião Salgado is a photographer who, in 1994, was working on a six-year project for Rolling Stone magazine documenting the fate of displaced people worldwide.

In the gloomy, freezing restaurant in Osijek, Croatia, Sebastião Salgado's blue eyes widen as he speaks, as if he were trying to embrace all the world's refugees within his gaze. Today has been, like yesterday, a long day. Hours and hours in the camp at Gasinci, about a two-hour drive away: 3,500 people enclosed
5 behind barbed wire. Beyond it, fields of yellow grass stretch to the horizon, featureless but for the Croat military camp guarded by armed sentries and the crouching silhouettes of tanks. The refugees are from the horrors of Vukovar and of Dubrovnik 1991, from Jajce, destroyed in 1992, soon after the oddly shaped republics of the former Yugoslavia began to crack apart. How long have they
10 been rotting in this timeless miasma?¹ Months, years. Long enough for the media to lose interest. These tragedies are not "news."

"Be very careful," we are told. "Don't take photographs outside because the refugees are at the end of their tether and could become dangerous." Salgado slips silently away—two big, brown, shabby leather bags slung over one shoulder, a
15 blue Gortex anorak zipped to his chin ("I'm Brazilian," he explains, "and I feel the cold"). I see him in the distance, at a hut door, then he disappears down a slope to reappear shortly afterward surrounded by a crowd of 20-odd children. Later he sits on a folding bed—a smiling participant in the coffee ritual. Though conscious of the presence of a witness, camp life continues, its rhythms undisturbed. The
20 lens capturing these worn faces moves as softly and silently as a butterfly.

Where is the anger, the aggression? We never see them. Only gentleness everywhere we go. Even among the desperate souls living in the railway coaches abandoned in the damp, muddy countryside. Even among the doubly displaced refugees trapped in a kind of no man's land between the rest of the Croatian
25 republic and the Muslim pocket of Bihac in Bosnia. They are rejected by Croatia, which refuses to let them settle. They are repudiated² in a sense by the humanitarian services, which don't consider them to fit the strict definition of refugees because they weren't driven off their land but left in panic. Instead they

Continued

¹miasma—poisonous atmosphere

²repudiated—refused recognition

30 exist in a gray zone, 30,000 survivors in the hell of the makeshift camps at Turanj and Batnoga.

Every time, we have been warned against entering the camps, told that we were liable to be beaten up or worse, Salgado has listened in silence, nodded and walked on, calm and obstinate. He wants to photograph all refugees. A six-year project. But how many will there be in six years' time? In the evening, at the
35 United Nations base in Topusko, in the Krajina region, we listen to the radio. Far away, in Chechnya, a place no one has ever heard of, a new tragedy is unfolding. How many children, women, old people will have to flee their own land? Meanwhile, we spend 10 hours a day in the Turanj and Batnoga camps.

Thirty thousand people set out at dawn on August 19, 1994. First it was
40 ethnic against ethnic, Croat against Serb, Serb against Muslim. Now, Muslim separatists are at war with Muslims loyal to the government, madness in the midst of madness, a river of humanity fleeing from Velika Kladusa in Bihac. The refugees hoped to be granted passage through Croatia, but no one wanted them there. Unable to return home, they camped for what they thought was a single
45 night. The Turanj "camp" consists of a milelong stretch of road, scarcely seven meters wide, bordered by minefields and by the skeletons of houses gutted in the 1991 bombardments. It is blocked at one end by the barbed wire and blue Croatian tanks and at the other by those of the Serbs. About 15,000 people have been tramping up and down this road since August. Occasionally someone drowns
50 trying to escape across the river or steps on a mine and loses a leg.

The Batnoga Camp is a chicken farm abandoned three years ago that has 24 corrugated-steel sheds 100 meters long and 25 meters wide. Between 700 and 1,000 human beings—mostly women, children and old people, since the men are away fighting—crowd into each of these sheds, which have no windows and only
55 a single door. . . . Salgado arrives at dawn before the mist has cleared from the vale of Batnoga and goes into one of the sheds, where life is beginning to stir after the long, dark night. Women are combing their hair, folding bedding and going in search of a little water to make coffee (the only hot nourishment of the day); some are nursing infants. Salgado photographs. No flash, no noise, only the silent
60 Leica³ at work. He photographs while walking—walking ceaselessly until the light starts to fade as night falls. No one seems to pay any attention to him, but when I lose sight of him and say, "Photographer?" miming the clicking of a camera, a crowd of children immediately conducts me to him. I wonder what mysterious means of communication he has found to establish a link with people
65 of whose language he speaks not one word. Then one evening he says, "I too was a refugee, for 10 years. My wife and I had to leave Brazil in August 1969, and I

Continued

³Leica—a quality professional camera

didn't see my parents again until we returned in '79. I shall remember that day for the rest of my life. It was the 30th of December."

Homecoming. Everyone chases an impossible dream. Salgado's must be to
70 photograph all the world's refugees coming back home. "The war in Mozambique
is over at last," he says, "and people are going home. I was there last summer. It
was a moment of great hope." Then, when the news that Velika Kladusa is about
to fall begins to filter through both camps, he announces: "I shall walk with them.
I shall follow them every step of the way until they cross their own thresholds."
75 But we wait for days in vain and then have to leave. In Velika Kladusa they are
still fighting and dying, and winter in Batnoga and Turanj must be getting colder
by the day.

In New York I saw Salgado's pictures at last. I looked, stupefied, at the
scenes in the battery sheds, at the two old railway coaches, the rubble-filled cellars
80 of Turanj; the crowd waiting for messages from the Red Cross, people on the
stairs of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees building in Osijek,
and wondered at the light illuminating the faces, sculpting the eyes, caressing the
wrinkles, breathing life into miserable objects, lacerating, illuminating and
penetrating. I had been in those sheds, those trains, those cellars: Everything had
85 been gray, dark, formless. So how did Salgado find the light? What is the source
of this luminosity? Perhaps this is what living with hope is all about: finding a
glimmer of light in the darkest places and seizing it.

Anna Cataldi
American journalist

VIII. Questions 61 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a short story.

from GOIN' TO TOWN

... His eyes turned south, into the low south sky, cloudless, almost colorless in the strong light. Just above the brown line of the horizon, faint as a watermark on pale blue paper, was the wavering tracery of the mountains, tenuous and far off, but today accessible for the first time. His mind had played among those ghostly
5 summits for uncountable lost hours; today, in a few strides, they were his. And more: under the shadow of those peaks, under those Bearpaws that he and his mother privately called the Mountains of the Moon, was Chinook;¹ and in Chinook, on this Fourth of July,² were the band, the lemonade stands, the crowds, the parade, the ball game, the fireworks, that his mind had hungered toward in
10 anticipation for three weeks. . . .

They ought to get going, with fifty miles to drive. And long before they were ready he was standing beside the Ford, licked and immaculate and so excited that his feet jumped him up and down without his volition³ or knowledge.

It was eight o'clock before his father came out, lifted off the front seat, poked
15 the flat stick down into the gas tank, and pulled it out again dripping. "Pretty near full," he said. "If we're gonna drive up to the mountains we better take a can along, though. Fill that two-gallon one with the spout."

The boy ran, dug the can out of the shed, filled it from the spigot of the sixty-gallon drum that stood on a plank support to the north of the farmhouse. When he
20 came back, his left arm stuck straight out and the can knocking against his legs, his mother was settling herself into the back seat among the parcels and water bags. . . .

The boy was up into the front seat like a squirrel. His father walked around in front of the car. "Okay," he said. "You look sharp now. When she kicks over,
25 switch her onto magneto⁴ and pull the spark down."

The boy said nothing. He looked upon the car, as his father did, with respect and a little awe. They didn't use it much, and starting it was a ritual like a fire drill. The father unscrewed the four-eared brass plug, looked down into the

Continued

¹Chinook—town in northern Montana

²Fourth of July—Independence Day in the United States, an important national holiday

³volition—making a conscious decision

⁴magneto—generator used to produce electricity to run early internal combustion engines

30 radiator, screwed the cap back on, and bent to take hold of the crank.⁵ “Watch it now,” he said.

The boy felt the gentle heave of the springs, up and down, as his father wound the crank. He heard the gentle hiss in the bowels of the engine as the choke wire was pulled out, and his nostrils filled with the strong, volatile odor of gasoline. Over the slope of the radiator his father’s brown strained face lifted up.
35 “Is she turned on all right?”

“Yup. She’s on battery.”

“Must have flooded her. Have to let her rest a minute.”

They waited—and then after a few minutes the wavelike heaving of the springs again, the rise and fall of the blue shirt and bent head over the radiator, the
40 sighing swish of the choke, a stronger smell of gasoline. The motor had not even coughed. . . .

“There isn’t anything really wrong with it, is there?” the mother said, and her voice wavered uncertainly on the edge of fear.

“I don’t see how there could be,” he said. “She’s always started right off, and
45 she was running all right when I drove her in here.”

The boy looked at his mother where she sat erect among the things in the seat. She looked all dressed up, a flowered dress, a hat with hard red varnished cherries on it pinned to her red hair. For a moment she sat, stiff and nervous. “What’ll you have to do?” she said.

50 “I don’t know. Look into the motor.”

“Well, I guess I’ll get out of the sun while you do it,” she said, and, opening the door, she fumbled her way out of the clutter.

The boy felt her exodus like a surrender, a betrayal. If they didn’t hurry up they’d miss the parade. In one motion he bounced out of the car. “Gee whiz!” he
55 said. “Let’s do something. We got to get started.” . . .

The mother, sitting on a box in the shade, smoothed her flowered voile dress nervously. “Will it take long?”

“Half-hour.”

60 “Any day but this!” she said. “I don’t see why you didn’t make sure last night.”

He breathed through his nose and bent over the engine again. “Don’t go laying on any blame,” he said. “It was raining last night.”

One by one the plugs came out, were squinted at, scraped with a knife blade, the gap tested with a thin dime. The boy stood on one foot, then the other, time
65 pouring like a flood of uncatchable silver dollars through his hands. He kept looking at the sun, estimating how much time there was left. If they got it started

Continued

⁵crank—handle used to start an engine before electric starters became common

right away they might still make it for the parade, but it would be close. Maybe they'd drive right up the street while the parade was still on, and be part of it. . . .

"Is she ready?" he said.

70 "Pretty quick."

He wandered over by his mother, and she reached out and put an arm around his shoulders, hugging him quickly. "Well, anyway we'll get there for the band and the ball game and the fireworks," he said. "If she doesn't start till noon we c'n make it for those."

75 "Sure," she said. "Pa'll get it going in a minute. We won't miss anything, hardly."

"You ever seen skyrockets, Ma?"

"Once."

"Are they fun?"

80 "Wonderful," she said. "Just like a million stars, all colors, exploding all at once."

His feet took him back to his father, who straightened up with a belligerent grunt. "Now!" he said. "If the sucker doesn't start now . . ."

85 And once more the heaving of the springs, the groaning of the turning engine, the hiss of the choke. He tried short, sharp half-turns, as if to catch the motor off guard. Then he went back to the stubborn laboring spin. The back of his blue shirt was stained darkly, the curving dikes of muscle along the spine's hollow showing cleanly where the cloth stuck. Over and over, heaving, stubborn at first, then furious, until he staggered back panting. . . .

90 The boy, his eyes dark, stared from his father's angry wet face to his mother's, pinched with worry. The pup lay down in the shade and put his head on his paws. "Gee whiz," the boy said. "Gee whiz!" He looked at the sky, and the morning was half gone. . . .

"Maybe if you hitched the horses to it," [his mother] said.

95 His [father's] laugh was short and choppy. "That'd be fine!" he said. "Why don't we just hitch up and let the team haul this damned old boat into Chinook?"

"But we've got to get it started! Why wouldn't it be all right to let them pull it around? You push it sometimes on a hill and it starts."

100 He looked at the boy again, jerked his eyes away with an exasperated gesture, as if he held the boy somehow accountable. The boy stared, mournful, defeated, ready to cry, and his father's head swung back unwillingly. Then abruptly he winked, mopped his head and neck, and grinned. "Think you want to go, uh?"

The boy nodded. "All right!" his father's voice snapped crisply. "Fly up in the pasture and get the team. Hustle!" . . .

105 The black colt, spotting him, hoisted his tail and took off in a spectacular,

Continued

stiff-legged sprint across the flats, but the bays merely lifted their heads to watch him. He slowed, came up walking, laid a hand on the mare's neck and untied the looped halter rope. She stood for him while he scrambled and wriggled and kicked his way to her back, and then they were off, the mare in an easy lope, the gelding trotting after . . .

110 They pulled up before the Ford, the boy sliding off to throw the halter rope to his father. "Shall I get the harness?" he said, and before anyone could answer he was off running, to come back lugging one heavy harness, tugs trailing little furrows in the damp bare earth. He dropped it, turned to run again, his breath
115 laboring in his lungs. "I'll get the other'n," he said.

With a short, almost incredulous laugh his father looked at his mother and shook his head before he threw the harness on the mare. When the second one came he laid it over the gelding, pushed against the heavy shoulder to get the horse into place. . . .

120 With a heavy rope for a towline he hitched the now-skittish team to the axle. Without a word he stooped and lifted the boy to the mare's back. "All right," he said, and his face relaxed in a quick grin. "This is where we start her. Ride 'em round in a circle, not too fast."

Then he climbed into the Ford, turned on the switch to magneto, fussed with
125 the levers. "Let her go!" he said.

The boy kicked the mare ahead, twisting as he rode to watch the Ford heave forward as a tired, heavy man heaves to his feet, begin rolling after him, lurching on the uneven ground, jerking and kicking and making growling noises when his father let the emergency brake off and put it in gear. The horses settled as the
130 added pull came on them, flattened into their collars, swung in a circle, bumped each other, skittered. The mare reared, and the boy shut his eyes and clung. When he came down, her leg was entangled in the towline and his father was climbing cursing out of the Ford to straighten it out. His father was mad again, and yelled at him. "Keep 'em apart! There ain't any tongue.⁶ You got to keep Dick kicked
135 over on his own side."

And again the start, the flattening into the collars, the snapping tight of the tugs under his legs. This time it went smoothly, the Ford galloped after the team in lumbering, plunging jerks. The mare's eyes rolled white, and she broke into a trot, pulling the gelding after her. Desperately the boy clung to the knotted and
140 shortened reins, his ears alert for the grumble of the Ford starting behind him. The pup ran beside the team yapping in a high, falsetto, idiot monotone, crazy with excitement.

Continued

⁶tongue—the horses are not hitched as they would be to a wagon, where a long wooden shaft or "tongue" would keep them separated

They made three complete circles of the back yard between house and chicken coop before the boy looked back again. . . .

145 “Shall I stop?” the boy shouted. Excitement and near-despair made his voice a tearful scream. But his father’s wild arm waved him on. “Go on, go on! Gallop ’em! Pull the guts out of this thing. Run ’em, run ’em.”

And the galloping—the furious, mud-flinging, rolling-eyed galloping around the circle already rutted like a road, the Ford, now in savagely held low, growling and surging and plowing behind; the mad yapping of the dog, the mother in sight briefly for a quarter of each circle, her hands to her mouth and her eyes hurt, and behind him in the Ford his father in a strangling rage, yelling him on, his lips back over his teeth and his face purple.

155 Until finally they stopped, the horses blown, the boy white and tearful and still, the father dangerous with unexpended wrath. The boy slipped off, his lip bitten between his teeth, not crying now but ready to at any moment, the corners of his eyes prickling with it, and his teeth tight on his misery. His father climbed over the side of the car and stood looking as if he wanted to tear the thing apart with his bare hands.

160 Shoulders sagging, tears trembling to fall, his jaw aching with the need to cry, the boy started toward his mother. As he came near his father he looked up, their eyes met, and he saw his father’s blank with impotent rage. Dull hopelessness swallowed him. Not any of it, his mind said. Not even any of it—no parade, no ball game, no band, no fireworks. No lemonade or ice cream or paper horns or
165 firecrackers. No close sight of the mountains that throughout every summer called like a legend from his horizons. No trip, no adventure—none of it, nothing.

Wallace Stegner
American writer

Credits

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